

The Two Noble Kinsmen.

2. *Qu.* Honoured *Hypolita*
Most dreaded *Amazonian*, that ha'st slaine
The Sith-tuskd-Bore; that with thy Arme as strong
As it is white, wast neere to make the male
To thy Sex captive; but that this thy Lord
Borne to uphold Creation, in that honour
First nature stilde it in, shrunke thee into
The bownd thou wast ore-flowing; at once subduing
Thy force, and thy affection: Soldireffe
That equally canst poize sternenes with pitty,
Whom now I know hast much more power on him
Then ever he had on thee, who ow't his strength,
And his, Love too: who is a Servant for
The Tenour of the Speech. Deere Glasse of Ladies
Bid him that we whom flaming war doth scotch,
Vnder the shaddow of his Sword, may coole us:
Require him he advance it ore our heades;
Speak't in a womans key: like such a woman
As any of us three; weepe ere you faile; lend us a knee;
But touch the ground for us no longer time
Then a Doves motion, when the head's pluckt off:
Tell him if he i'th blood cizd field, lay swolne
Showing the Sun his Teeth; grinning at the Moone.
What you would doe.

Hip. Poore Lady, say no more:
I had as leife trace this good action with you
As that whereto I am going, and never yet
Went I so willing, way. My Lord is taken
Hart deepe with your distresse: Let him consider:
Ile speake anon.

3. *Qu.* O my petition was *kneele to Emilia.*
Set downe in yce, which by hot greefe uncandied
Melts into drops, so sorrow wanting forme
Is prest with deeper matter.

Emilia. Pray stand up,
Your greefe is written in your cheeke.

3. *Qu.* O woe,
You cannot reade it there; there through my teares,

Like

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Like wrinckled peobles in a glasse
You may behold 'em (Lady, Lady)
He that will all the Treasure know
Must know the Center too; he that
For my least minnow, let him leape
To catch one at my heart. O parr
Extremity that sharpens sundry w
Makes me a Foole.

Emili. Pray you say nothing,
Who cannot feele, nor see the rain
Knowes neither wet, nor dry, if t
The ground-peece of some Painte
T'instru't me gainst a Capitall g
Such heart peirc'd demonstration
Being a naturall Sister of our Sex
Your sorrow beates so ardently u
That it shall make a counter refle
My Brothers heart, and warme it
Though it were made of stone:

Thes. Forward to'th Temple
O'th sacred Ceremony.

1. *Qu.* O This Celebration
Will long last, and be more costly
Your Suppliants war: Rememb
Knowles in the eare, o'th world
Is not done rashly; your first thou
Then others laboured meditance
More then their actions: But oh
Soone as they mooves as Aspray
Subdue before they touch, think
What beds our slaine Kings have

2. *Qu.* What greifes our be
That our deere Lords have none

3. *Qu.* None fit for'th dea
Those that with Cordes, Knives,
Weary of this worlds light, hav
Beene dearthes most horrid Age
Affords them dust and shaddow

1. *Qu.* But our Lords

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